#### Barber & Ross. 11th & O.Sts. Reap the Benefit of

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This "Gift" Harvest! gift that would suit the boy "to a dot" would not be acceptable to the men folks—and vice versa. We have gathered together a regular "harvest" of gifts suitable for both sexes-young or old. Profit by these sensible gift hints-and note the sensible prices:

Tool Chests Don't confound there with the "toy" kind. They contain good, stout, useful tools, Grand tak Toel Chest, con-\$5 taining 16 pieces, for Great carlety of other chests, with larger and more tools up to \$10, and grand line at \$13, \$15 and \$25, containing 31 large pieces.

Ice Skates. An the best makes of both Ice and Roller Skates. A special; Barney & Perry's Alclemp be Skates. All 50c. with hardwood wheels, 50c. "I Celebrated Roller Sketes for \$1.

Penknives. The boy will be dis-Penknives, appointed if he dees not receive a Penknike Xmas. Fine Penknives 50 different styles from which to select, with buckbone, pearl, metal, chony and other style handles. Spe. 25C. At 50c, we have a better Penknife, and from that price up to the finest ever made

Razors. Any man will appreciate a world's leading maloes are represented here. Star Saletr, Wad. & Bulcher's, Radge's'. Wiske hills, etc. Grand Rodgets' or \$1 Wade & Bulche's Stell Razer for ... \$1 \$3 to \$18 per set for Star Safety Razors, in Russia leather case. Grand variety of Razor Strops and Brushes attractively priced.

Cutlery Year friend who keeps of these: Genuine Stag Handle 2-\$1 Very Fine Carving Sets, in cases, up to

Xmas Tree
Holders, 48c.
The Christmas Tree will need a good streng holder to keep it in place. The se holders of ours are extremely strong and are well capable of holding a large size tree. Different sizes, 48, 50, 69 and 75c.

Locked Out.

Noti' Gas Heater. They give out the greatest degree of hot heat of any oil or gas stove ever invented. Have the doors, windows and crevices weather stripped. We'll be pleased to give estimates for weather stripping your house. Felt Weather Strips for 195c. ft.

BARBER & ROSS, 11th & G Sts.

Ladies', Misses' or Child's Lamb's-wool Soles........... 10c.

## Shoe-selling Facilities

## Unequaled in Washington.

Our store service is arranged this week for handling an unusually large business. The busier we may be the better and quicker we can serve you.

We have more handsome and reliable goods in the Shoe line than can be found in any half a dozen ordinary stores together. Our prices this week are-in many cases-even below present wholesale rates. Besides, we shall offer daily this week some extraordinary inducements, well worthy of your attention.

Tomorrow Only.

Special. E Ladies' \$2.50 Boots, the choice of 9 Different Styles. Fine Vici Kid Button and Laced Boots—round, square or pointed toes— All sizes and widths.

Here are a few hints as to "What will make proper Presents:"

### For Men.

15 pretty styles Hand-sewed \$1.00 Kid Slippers-\$1.25 grades at ... Black or Chocolate-color Ktd \$1.50 Romeo and Opera Slippers, Best \$2 Grade Finest Kid Slippers, all the popular colors \$1.50 Triple-sole Winter Russet and Black Genuine Cork-sole Shoes. \$2.00 Light or Heavy-weight Calf and Kip Boots..... \$4 quality Patent Leather, \$3.00

#### For Ladies.

Worsted Knitted Bed Room Slippers, all colors, at .... Fleece-lined Quilted Sateen Hand-sewed Slippers at.... Over a dozen styles Warm-lined Fur-trimmed Juliets. \$1.00 Serviceable and Durable Kid. \$1.00 Fine Black Kid Beaded and Pat. Leather Evening Slippers. \$1.50 Tan or Black Cycle Boots. Kid or Calf Storm Boots. \$2.50 Elegant \$5 Pat. Leather Black or Tan Kid Dress Boots. \$3.00

### For Children.

Infants' Quilted Satin Boots, efferdewn trimmed, all co'ors. .. 45c. Boys' and Girls' Neat, Durable 75c. Fine Box Calf Misses' Shoes, \$1.50 Misses' and Youths' "Cork-sole" \$2.00

Best All-wool Jersey Leggins, misses' or child's......75c. Fauntieroy Leggies. \$1.00
"Little Shavers' Red-top Leather Boots for boys. \$1.00 Boys' \$2 Grade Brown Goat 3-buckle Leggins......\$1.50

Pure Gum Rubbers, Ladies', Misses' and 25c.

Rubber Boots, Only.

Best qualities Child's sizes. \$1: Misres'. \$1.25
Lad'es' and Youths'. \$1.50
Boys', \$2-Men's. \$2.50

ArcticButtonBoots, warm and Misses, \$1.25-Ladies \$1.50 WM. HAHN & CO. 9S 930 and 932 7th st.,

# RELIABLE SHOE HOUSES.

### A Store Full of Presents On Credit!

There's no need of spending every dollar you've got in gift buying. You can get all the presents you need-with a very small expenditure of ready cassh-if you buy them HERE. There are no gifts more serviceable or desirable

#### Help Yourself!

Parlor and Banquet Lamps-Porcelain or Silk Shades—\$2.50 up. Onyx Top Tables, Ladies' Dressing Tables, Combination Book Cases and Writing Desks.

Leather Furniture. Reception Chairs, Sideboards. Chiffoniers, China Closets, Parlor Suites, Bed Room Suites, Carpets, Rugs, &c.

You will find us prompt in the delivery of goods—any time you say you can have the Carpet before Christmas if you order now. Made, laid and lined free-no charge for waste in matching figures.

GROGAN'S MAMMOTH CREDIT HOUSE,

817:819-821-823 Seventh St. N. W.

### **HUNTING BOB WHITE**

Field Trials in North Carolina Hunting Grounds.

QUAIL ARE STILL ABUNDANT THERE

Characteristic Beauties and Peculiarities of the Region.

A GOOD DAY'S SPORT

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star

NEWTON, N. C., December 7, 1897. This is the height of the hunting season in North Carolina and sportsmen are here enjoying to the full the excellent quail shooting. Quail are as plentiful here in Catawba county as sparrows in Washington. It is for this reason the Eastern and United States Field Trial Clubs have selected this county for their annual trials. These clubs jointly own a large tract of land a few miles from Newton, where the highest bred hunting dogs in the country are annually exhibited in tests of hunting. The field trials finished last Wednesday and were the most successful ever held by the club. Such men as Pierre Lorrillard and other wealthy fanciers were represented not only by their dogs, but also participated themselves. Lorrillard, I am told, pays his handler \$5,000 a year and gives him all prizes won. The farmers here are all hunters, and many of them set up establishments for breaking dogs. Today I visited the place of Edward Whittle and had the pleasure of hunting over last year's prize winner of the field trials.

They Knew How.

It was an Irish setter named "Lou," and it was worth the trip to North Carolina to see her hunt a field. Off like a race horse, she hunted every inch of the field in remakably fast time and then faced about for orders. The handler simply waved a handkerchief to the right and away she handkerchief to the right and away she went in that direction to try the acjoining field. Taking the north end first, she circled round and round, until finally, when under full neadway, she nearly turned a somersault when a covey of birds was scented. There she stood fully 500 yards from us as stanch as a statue. The handler now let two other dogs loose, and they commenced circling. One of them said Loumenced circling. One of them spied Lou standing, and in a moment this one, too, was rigid 200 yards from the point. The other oog was crossing a fence when he spied the stand, and like a flash he stopped between the rails. It was a back stand, and all the explosions receible could. and all the explosions possible could not have made those dogs move. One of the party, Dr. Sterling Ruflin, one of the best wing shots in this section, approached the covey and kicked up the birds. Away they went, and bang! bang! went his gun. It was the signal for two of the birds to linger. All this time the dogs remained motionless. Two of them dropped to the ground. But there was no running in the motionless. Two of them dropped to the ground. But there was no running in, and when a moment later another bird was flushed and killed the wisdom of this part of the dog's training was manifest. Had the dogs run in at shot, the other bird would have been flushed before the gun had been loaded. But dogs trained for field trials do not make the best hunters, i am told. They are trained more for speed and range than anything else, and then they become familiar with the commands of one man, who always attends them in the trials, and understand his methods.

Trying a Green One.

Handler Waittle told me that not one dog in ten turned out well, and it was from this point he argued that no puppy, no matter how high the breeding, was worth more than \$20 as an untried puppy. As an illustration, he went through the morning exercise with one of his Irish setter puppies. The puppy, not over eight months old, was taken out with the older dogs to where he knew a covey of qual usually frequented. The puppy was turned loose, and, sure enough, he found the birds and ran into Away he went chasing them, until another covey was started, and after these he went, no doubt thinking he had a better chance to get one of them. Meanwhile the "handler" stood at the place the first covey was flushed. The old dogs were rigid as was flushed. The old dogs were rigid as statutes. The puppy was caught and brought to the older dogs, when he instinctively came to a "point" in exact imitation

"Now is the time to give this youngster a lesson," said the "handler," and, putting a leash on the puppy, he sent the older dogs on after the birds They found them on the side of a hill overlooking a most picthe side of a fill overlooking a most pic-turesque ravine. The puppy immediately took great interest in the proceedings. Tying him to a small sapling, the trainer went forward and flushed the birds. Up and away they went until he brought one down by a well-directed shot. The puppy, when he saw the birds fly, cut up all sorts of capers, and we thought he would hang himself. But when the gun went off and one of the birds came tumbling down he stopped fretting and waited expectantly The dead bird was brought to him and he smelled it all over, wagging his tall furlously. The lesson was repeated, the puppy be coming more quiet at the sight of the fly ing birds and evincing the same satisfac-

tion when one of them was killed. His First Lesson.

At the next stand the puppy was liberated, and surprised us all by remaining perfectly quiet when the birds were found. When the gun went off, however, and one of the birds fell, the puppy rushed in and eagerly grabbed the bird. Then the trainer took him by the collar and dragged him back to the place he first stood, and, throwing the bird away, commanded him to "hold." It required several lessons of that kind to make the puppy understand. Several weeks of hard work are necessary to bring a green dog to a realization of what is expected of him. Every day the trainer informed me he took some of the dogs out for work. Evidently it required paid. They get \$8 per month in the hunting season for keeping the dogs, and \$4 in the close season. And this means the keeping of the dogs and their constant training. Different trainers use different methods of breaking and feeding their charges. While there is considerable similarity in the ways and means employed in breaking, every trainer has a pet diet of his own, guaran-teed to give speed and endurance. The trainer I met fed his dogs on raw eggs for the most part, although he made a huge dog cake every week, consisting of eggs, flour, meal and boiled beef. The beef was first put on and allowed to boil for an hour or so, and then the other ingredients were added, the whole making a thick batter, which was baked into hard cakes. Training Champions.

The preparation of a field trial candidate is even greater than that of a prize fighter for a championship battle. The dog is taken out gradually for the first week or so and hunted carefully until all evidence of shyness is gone. Then the evidence of shyness is gone. Then the longer tramps begin, the dog being coached to signals and taught to hunt a field thoroughly. The head of the dog must be kept direct during the hunt and contrivances are made to keep them in position. When the handler is satisfied his dog is steady and fast and possessed of a good over he is about ready for the finisher. nose he is about ready for the finishing touches. Every day or so a bird is shot at over the dog and the greatest care exercised to prevent his "breaking shot," that is, running in after the gun goes off. that is, running in after the gun goes off. In a large number of cases when a covey of birds is flushed, one or two remain, and if the dog were to run in after the gun went off, the other birds would be scared off before the hunter has an opportunity to reload. These details having been satisfactorily tested and the dog found efficient, the next and most important is the preparation just before the trials open. The handler for three or four days rides horseback through the fields after the dog. This is in exact imitation of the judges and is done more to acquaint the dog with what is to follow than anything else. The dog is sent ahead and hunted vigorously for half an hour. Then he is rubbed well with liniment and rested for the balance of the day, until just before sunset, when another trial of half an hour is given. Meanwhile he is kept chained in his kennel

and fed only on strength-producing food. When the trial day arrives the dog is simply wild with excitement, and when placed on the ground and ordered to go ahead, needs no coaxing.

A Farmer's Success. A comparatively unknown dog carried away the championship last Wednesday. The men about town have not finished talking about the event, and it promises to

furnish food for discussion throughout the winter. The dog was purchased by a farmer for a five-dollar bill and trained by him in exact imitation of the professional "handlers" about his home, Lexington, N. C. When the dog was entered for the field trial stakes, he was unmercifully guyed. He looked like a black snake. He was a pointer, black as night, with big bunches of muscles standing out all over his body. He was entered as "Zeb Vance," the name of the beloved and much reverenced statesman of the old north state. One of the wags of the county remarked One of the wags of the county remarked when the dog was put down. "Ef that dog takes after his namesake, the devil hisself can't beat him." And his observation was not far from correct, for the dog hunted like a veteran and with a speed equaled only to the running of the aforesaid Zeb Vance in a political race. He easily won first money, \$300 being the sum total. Half an hour had not elapsed before an offer of \$300 was made for the dog. It was snapped up in a jiffy, and with \$500 in his pocket for the little trouble he had been put to the farmer de-

ble he had been put to the farmer de-parted. Pierre Lorillard is a devoted admirer of hunting dogs, and is a first-class shot him-self. He always comes to the field trials, and has won the admiration of the people hereabouts by his unassuming manners. He puts up at St. Hubert's Inn, and fares with the other guests. He asks no specia privileges and is altogether a modest, un-assuming gentleman. But they don't like bis "handler,"—that is, the native "handlers" do not. They declared to me he was a greater dude than Lorillard himself. They do not question his ability, however, and I have heard the most wonderful accounts of his work in the field. Among the other prominent hunters who visit this section may be mentioned Colonel Dexter of Boston, another lover of hunting dogs and a born hunter himself.

They Love to Hunt.

Then there is blg, genial Frank P. Hiscock, the ex-senator from New York He just about suits the natives and they all swear by bim. I heard a story yesterday of how the ex-senator was prevailed upor to don the boxing gloves with a big North Carolinian, and after protestations of ignorance of their use put them on just for a minute to see how they went, and put the countryman to sleep. When Senator Hiscock was in Washington, he learned the munly art of self defense and was a frequent visitor at the Columbia Athletic Club. J. Murray Mitchell of Philadelphia and F. R. Fleer of the same place are yearly visitors, and have dogs here in constant training. Dr. G. Davis the owner stant training. Dr. G. G. Davis, the owner of "Lou," the red Irish setter, never misses a shoot here, and Wm. J. Schiefflein of New York would rather hent quali than eat. Rev. Dr. Rainsford of New York loves the sport and hunts quali each year in Catawha county. Colonel Merriman of in Catawba county. Colonel Merriman of Nashville, Tenn., is another of the regular visitors for whom the natives have a warm spot in their hearts, and Prof. Osterhouse, the well-known dog artist, is another de-voted enthusiast. Each year he comes to Newton and paints the picture of the winner of the field trials, which the club pre-sents to the owner of the successful dog. Hunting in all its phases forms the principal tepic of conversation among the citizens of Newton. Every other man in the town is a sportsman and keeps a huntthe town is a sportsman and keeps a hunting dog, and, of course, a gun. More attention is paid to the fermer than the latter, the possession of a good hunting dog being the first requisite, the gun an after ct.sideration. Some of the guns would make excellent contributions to primeval collections. The setter is the favorite type of dog, and what these North Carolinians do not know about the good points of a of dog, and what these North Carolinians do not know about the good points of a better, has never been written. Every right they congregate at St. Hubert's Inn, named after the patron saint of sportsmen, and spend the night talking dogs. When a stranger arrives he immediately becomes an object of interest, and before ne is quite settled he has been engaged in conversation with several of the "handlers," who are either anxious to sell him. lers," who are either anxious to sell him a deg, or else be retained as guide to lead him to the best hunting grounds.

Want of Hospitality.

Except in a few cases, the spirit of hoswhich has become synonymous with the south, is noticeable by its abseace. The people are all after the coin. One of the old residents told me in a discussion of the matter, that the south should not be blamed for the innospitable marners of the residents in and about Newton. The county was settled originally by the Dutch, he said, and this foreign lement is still in evidence, the environment of the south not having entirely transformed them. There are other contransformed them. There are other conditions also, he added, which should be taker into consideration. The good country people have been ruined by the millionaire sporting men from the big cities, who abused their kindness and trampéd down their crops in quest of game. Then there their crops in quest of game. Then there are jealousies, the principal one being the action of the Field Trial Clubs in selecting grounds. Then the people are split up ing grounds. Then the people are split up politically, and the populists are running the place. All the farms about Newton are posted. Hunting on them is strictly forbidden, and all trespassers are prosecuted. Some of the "handlers" have permission to train their dogs over them, and some enjoy the privilege of sheeting some enjoy the privilege of shooting, which they furn to their own advantage which they furn to their own advantage by hiring out as guides to visiting sports-men. We hunted one day on the farm of one of the wealthiest land owners in the section. He was a cousin of one of the party, but did not consent to permit us to hunt until he was promised five cents for every bird killed.

Good Luck. We partleipated in our first North Carolina bird hunt this morning, and found before lunch twenty-two coveys of birds, averaging about fifteen birds to the covey. Between the three of us we killed fortyone as big, fine, fat birds as I ever saw. The colored driver, "Snow Bail" by name, caught one. The latter performance was one of the most peculiar I ever heard of. We had flushed a covey in a beautiful little valley and killed two. The remainder flew over the hill toward where we left the wagon and "Snow Bail." We were after them in a jiffy, and asked "Snow Ball" which way they went. "Wal, the res' o dem done gone down de hill, 'cept dis one,'

dem done gone down de hil, 'cept dis one," and with that he heid up a big, fat cock bird that was struggling to get away.

"How did you catch him, 'Snow Ball?"

"Dis fool bird sort of stopped when he sawed me, sir, and dodged under dem leaves. Den I cotched him by de back," and with that he laughed long and loud, and, addressing himself to the bird, asked for a corroboration of the story. One of for a corroboration of the story. One of the party suggested that the bird be turned the party suggested that the bird be turned loose and everybody given a shot. But this was vetoed in a very unsportsmanlike manner by 'Snow Ball," who allowed that birds were too hard to shoot, and, suiting his actions to the word, immediately bit the bird through the neck and handed it to me. They are all hunters, these citizens of the backwoods, but the spirit of the "sport" is degmant.

Quall Are Plenty.

Birds are worth 75 cents a dozen here in the city, and that much money means two or three days of idleness and a "leetle" moonshine. It is wonderful how plentiful the birds are, in view of the organized warfare upon them. Netting is one of the methods used to catch them, and is the surest waynof depopulating them. Great nets are spread on the ground, with huge wings extending on each side, and the hunter riding on horseback drives an en-

wings extending on each side, and the hunter riding on horseback drives an entire covey into the nets, where they are easily captured. In this way it is common for a driver to net a hundred birds in a day. The laws are very lax in this respect, and unless something is done 't will not be long before the birds become as scarce here as they are in other parts of the country.

Speaking of the abundance of quail, recalls the story of a wager that people say never has been won. It is that a man cannot eat thirty quail in as many days, the argument being that he soon tires of the meat and turns from it in disgust. I met a man today, Marcellus E. Thornton by name, who is open to accept that wager for any amount. He has a record of forty quail in forty days, and would have been eating them yet had not the supply given out. He is about to start on another quail "test," as they call it, and proposes to eat two birds a day for a month, and as long thereafter as they furnish him with birds.

### THREATS FOR TURKEY

The Eastern Question is the Pan-European Question.

THE PORTE LEAST CONCERNED IN IT

What Austria's Awful Menace Really Means.

EVERYBODY IS AFRAID

"Austria has delivered an ultimatum to the porte which says that unless steps are immediately taken for the redress of her grievances at Mersina she will bombard that port, seize its custom house and repay herself not only the indemnity demanded for the persecution of the Austrian Lloyd steamship officer there, but also the amount demanded by the Anatolian railroad for the transportation of troops during the late Turko-Grecian war." So ran the dispatch startlingly displayed in all of the newspapers last week.

"It is safe to say," said Mr. Henry Roberts, for several years an attache of the American legation in Constantinople, to a Star reporter, "that no one in Contsantino ple or in Vienna had the slightest fear that the threat would be carried out. Every one knew it to be but the usual old threadbare device. Every one knew that the porte (the Turkish foreign office) would readily come in with a shambling agree-ment to whatever was asked long before such a rigorous course should be rendered necessary. But perhaps many people understood but dimly why the Austrian ambassador should have made such a flourish of defiance over an ordinary demand for in-demnity. There are dozens of larger and more serious claims pending from all of the great powers, including the United States. here are claims of millions and millions of pounds for lives sacrificed and property destroyed during the terrible Armenian massacres, of which this government claims probably \$150,000. We fortunately, thanks to the vigilance of Minister Terrell, had no citizens killed, as did Greece, Italy and France, or no vice consuls attacked and wounded, as did England.

The Dilatory Turk. "Not one of these claims has ever been recognized, much less paid. And each of the great powers has its reasons for not forcing payment. The good people of this country who are interested in the missionary work among the Armenian Christians of Turkey and who often call upon the government at Washington to force the redress of our grievances do not know, perhaps, that we are but the slightest claimarts for redress. They do not know, when they hold up foreign countries, especially England, as an example of how we ought to protect our citizens and property abroad with gunboats and swords, that England's claims for similar outrages are more than ten times as much as our own. What is perhaps of greater importance is that such affairs are conductedy wholly in the relation that they bear to other greater and more general affairs. It would doubtless please some people to make war on Turkey for less than \$200,000 of property lost in riots. It would surely be halled with delight by certain great powers of Europe. But we have other affairs on our hands than to act as catspaws for any other nation. And we know that when, sooner or later, they agree among themselves to pay themselves, they will willingly give us our little share of the collected debt and will have acted as our agents instead of using us as theirs

of using us as theirs.
"Two years ago, when our government was urged to pass the Dardenelles with the Marblehead to avenge indignities, England had twenty-seven of her best ships in the Mediterranean, and did not dare do what she was urging that we attempt with one boat. It was not from fear of the Turks, but of the rest of Europe. And she spur-red on her missionary societies, headed by Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Westmincondemning our government and our minister at Constantinople for not ordering the Marblehead to blaze the way for the British squadron to follow.

Austria's Threat.

"To return to Baron Calice's move of last week. When he carefully handed out the neat little typewritten statement of his ferocious demand at the porte to the Constantinople correspondents of the European papers every embassy there knew that the publication was not to frighten the Turks. It had a much wider purpose. It went to the very bottom of the whole eastern situation. It was for the benefit of all of the recently liberated states of in Turkophobia. Austria has long been seeking to extend her influence among them; has long been envious of the Rus-sian propaganda widespread through Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania. All of this old-time Turkish territory has naturally been regarding with great disfavor the recent Turcophile position of the great powers, commencing with the war in Thes-saly. And Austria thought the time ripe and the occasion good to win back favor from these Greek Church nations by reascuming the old attitude of hostility. As a rule the recent communications between the Russian and Turkish governments have had all of the thickness and silence said to surround thieves. Russia has been the friendly and protecting power against all friendly and protecting power against all of the outside. There was, therefore, equal reason when the Russian embassy followed an unusual course and gave out a state-ment that it had presented a note at the porte to prevent the renovation of the Turkish navy with part of the Greek war indemnity. Russia has never collected the indemnity due her from Turkey for the war of 1878. This is perhaps one of the strong weapons which she uses to have her own way at Yildiz. She probably would not take it if it were offered her. But as a hostile play to counterbalance the Austrian move, and at the same time to re-strict the growth of German prestige, she now reminds Turkey that as Turkey still owes even the interest on this indemnity it is unbecoming in her to spend the money be obtained from the Greeks in the rehabilitation of her own defenses

The Sultan Imperturbable "And there is another point in regard to this threatening of the sultan. Do not for

a moment believe that it disturbs the wise man of Yildiz. No one man is perhaps better acquainted with all of the intricate phases of the question of which he is the living center. And threats such as that made by Austria disconcert him no more made by Austria disconcert him no more than do the religious outbursts against him used for similar ends by other nations. The sultan's strength lies very much as did that of Tammany in the late New York election. All that he has to do is to keep the holy English Low and the fierce Rus sian Platt a glowering at each other and he is as safe as was Tammany. It is often very amusing to see the calmness with which the porte receives the most threatening communications. Evidence of this may be had, in which we as a country have an interest, by turning to the recent-ly issued Red Book for 1896. Therein will ly issued Red Book for 1896. Therein will be found the communications from the United States minister near the sublime porte demanding the payment of indemnity for missionary property burned during the massacres at Harpoot and Marash. Whoever will read these must clear the late minister of the frequent charges against him of negligence in pushing the claims, for he has used every possible argument and presented every conceivable / claim. and presented every conceivable / claim. And after admiring his ingenuity and eloquent threats it is amusing to see the calmness and undisturbed coolness with which the minister for foreign affairs re-

Makes Old Excuses.

"The Turk does not even trouble himself to invent new excuses, but calmly reiterates the old ones. And he feels perfectly safe for several reasons. Nothing but force will make him admit the justice of our claims, for such an admission would involve likewise the recognition of the enormous similar claims held by European governments. And he is quite sure that we have our hands full enough at home without making war on him.
"The sultan knows that the eastern problem is never concerned with what Turkey

is going to do. It is wholly involved in the actions of the outside powers. It used to amuse all residence in Constantinople very much last year to read the diatribes of the European press against the Turkish government for the interminable delays with which it blocked the consideration of every pending question. It was held that whether the reforms for the Armenians were under discussion between the European 'concert' and the porte, or the proper government for Crete, or the settlement of the Greek war indemnity, it was almost impossible to make any progress because of the dilatoriness of the Turks and their perpetual procrastination. And these dissertations were based upon a well-established trait of Turkish character. But in these cases the delay ish character. But in these cases the delay was always due not to the Turks, but to the powers themselves. They were in a continual state of disagreement. This power and now that was withdrawing from the conferences. This one objected to this feature of the agreement, that one to that feature. And while the cutside world was cursing the Turk and threatening the sultan as usual, that good man was quietly awaiting the developments of the 'concert.' "The Turk plays the least part of all in

The Turk plays the least part of all in the eastern question. Its century slow development depends little upon him. He only serves as the excuse for its prolonga-tion. And while it is running its interminable course he is also a very fit excuss for all manner of side plays in the great colitical drama. Just as young doctors are teld on leaving college to meet all emer-gencies which find them disconcerted with wise looks and Dover's powders, so budding European premiers soon learn a similar maxim. Whenever it is intended to provoke a rival or to divert unpleasant inspection at home, they go out and threaten the sultan."

#### STRUGGLING WITH THE LETTER H. One Thing the British People Have Never Conquered. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A correspondent writes to a London week ly of large circulation to ask why it is that so many of the English people make an improper use of the letter "h." while the Scotch, Ir'sh and Americans are free from this faultiness. The reply given i that in the middle ages French was much spoken in England and that the unaspirated French "h" is responsible for the peculiarity in English speech. Somehow this explanation is unsatisfactory. The cockney dialect does not appeal to the judgment as a French emanation. Besides, a distinction must be made. The French omit the "h," while the English drop it where it should be and insert it where it is out of place. With a facility reduced to automatic per-fection the Englishman of the cockney genus gets his "h" inverted. When an English coachman, driving along a steep bank, is told to keep away from the edge and nearer the hedge, a fearful responsi-bility is incurred, though the order is given in fautless English. The confusion of the in faultless English. The confusion of the man on the box cannot be reasonably ascribed to the lingering influences of the

nedizeval French language. The letter "h" is merely an aspirate to give a preliminary tang to a vowel. When the mouth is fixed to utter a vowel the "h" can be slipped in without the slightest change in the position of the vocai organs. Often the letter is dropped by usage, but it is only the cockney who puts it where it is an intruder. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawking the English perceits legaring in this ins, the English nevelist, lecturing in this country, is a victim all along the line. 'Awkins might pass as an echo of ancestral 'Awkins might pass as an echo of ancestral French, but why h'Anthony? There is a cockney dialect racy of England and of London, and its permutations of "h" are probably as much its own as the rich but not overrefined vernacular of the Weilers. The Frenchman drops his "h" deftly and consciously as he drops other letters, but the cockney omits them or pops them in wrongly with such ease and perfect confidence that he cannot be aware of the momentary murder of the king's English.

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mentary murder of the king's English.

Through some happy dispensation the English have not imparted this fault to kindred races. The Irish broque is not tangled in its aspirates, the Soutch burr is sound in the use of "h," and the American is immaculate in this respect. But with all their pride of emerge the English. with all their pride of empire the English cannot overcome this strange defect. They absorb Egypt and India, and overrun al Africa, but fail to pronounce their names. It is a strange instance of potential might and lingual inaptitude. Of course many Englishmen employ the "h" with precision, and there may be some servants, as the English journal asserts, who speak correctly in the parlor, but, for fear of a charge that they are putting on airs, mangle their aspirates in the kitchen. There is far more in the custom, peculiarity or blind spot, whatever it may be called, than a relic of French as once spoken in England. But how it can be remedied is beyond human wisdom. The "h" cludes or trips a cockney wisdom. The "h" eludes to the end of his days.

FARMER AND MEGAPHONE.

A Pilot on a Boat Stops a Horse in Cornfield Near By.

From the Cincinnati Comm relal-Tribune. I was on the upper Ohio this summe when the river was low, and was much amused over the use to which a pilot put a megaphone. He bought the thing to call ashore any message that might have been given the boat to carry. This was to save time, for those little boats in the local trades are a great deal like the old-fashioned mail carriers, anything to accommo date the people along the bank. "We were in the pilot house, and the boat

was running up a chute near the West Virginia side of the river. In a cornfield was an old farmer, who was following a plough behind an old, flea-bitten gray that only needed a half invitation to stop at any time. The pilot put the megaphone to his mouth and shouted 'Whoa!' and the old gray

whoaed.

"The farmer heard the sound, and he thought, evidently, that a neighbor was there or thereabout, for he looked around to see whence the sound came. Then he tossed a clod at the old horse and started

him up.

"'Whoa,' said the pilot, and again the old horse stopped. Then the old Rube went to the river bank and looked down in the stopped. willows, but not a soul could he see. He looked up and down and then at the steam boat and scratched his head in surprise. He couldn't afford to waste any time in looking for the ghost, for he went back to the plough and started on with his job.
"Once more the joking pilot said 'whoa,

and again the horse stopped dead still. You could see from the boat that the old fellow was all mixed up, for he looked up and down the river, and then at the hillside behind him to see if he could find the man who was working him and his old horse. He made up his mind that he would take it out of the old gray, and to fix for the occasion he went to the underbrush and cut a stick that was ten feet long. He started the horse with a vengeance. When the pilot hollered 'whoa' again the oid man gave the gray a lick that sounded clear to the boat. We could almost hear him say: "Thar, gol darn you, I'll teach you to stop when you hear a spook hollerin' at

"But the pilot kept up the good work and hollored whoa, whoa, whoa, and again the old man hit the gray. Finally it looked as if he had caught on, for he let the old horse stop while he watched the boat. "Then the pilot thought he had had enough fun and he called out: "Feed the old gray; feed him. He's so hungry that he can't work. That's all the matter with him." "Then old Rube got his voice and we heard him say: 'You go to thunder with your old voice. It'd stop a railroad train anywhere."

Simple Subtraction.

From Tit-Bits.

An Irishman was hauling water in barrels from a small river to supply the inhabitants of the village, which was not provided with waterworks. As he halted at the top of the bank to give a "blow" before proceeding to peddle the water, a gentleman of the inquisitive type rode up, and after passing the time of the day, asked:

for the village, my good man?"
"Tin years or more, sor," was the reply.
"Ah! And how many loads do you mak

a day?"
"From tin to fifteen, accordin' to the

"From the to lifteen, accordin' to the weather, sor."

"Yes. Now, I have one for you, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing. "How much water have you hauled altogether?"

The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his team the hint to start, and replied:

"All the water that yez don't see there now, sor." now, sor.

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